was his answer. It did not, however, seem advisable on my part to question him any more on that point and so I thought it better to wait and see how things turned out at the end.

On the third day the Madras mail reached Howrah Station and we got down on the platform, looking eagerly for any one that might have come to receive me there. I marked one out, that I knew twelve years ago, a relative of mine, and called out; but he seemed not to recognize me in my European costume, not having seen me for over twelve good long years. I had at last to give up the thought of his company, and had to take the lead myself, in guiding our warder and the policemen through the streets of Calcutta, as they were only new to the place. The European Warder, Mr. Jacobs, was a Christian and was always very friendly with me. He told me that he would leave me at the Alipore Jail, from where I was first transported and my people were to come and take me out from there. I agreed to what Mr. Jacob said, and led them past the

HowraK
Station* cro$sing over to Calcutta side, by
means of the bridge walking with my bundle of
clothes in one hand, till we came to the tramway